

The Red-headed Woodpecker near Chicago, Ill.—I do not think that the Red-headed Woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) is as rare a winter resident in the vicinity of Chicago as Mr. Bryan seems to suppose (see Auk, XVI, July, 1899, p. 272). Years ago, when living in Racine, Wis., I remember seeing individuals of the species during several winters. They remained through the season. This was near the town, on the Lake shore, sixty miles north of Chicago. They were never at all numerous, nor was every successive year marked by their appearance. One, or perhaps two, might be seen on the coldest days. The severity of the weather made no difference. The birds were quite as likely to remain through the hardest winters as through mild and open ones. 'Birds of Michigan,' by A. J. Cook, speaks of the Red-headed Woodpecker as occasional in winter. The Geology of Wisconsin, Section Ornithology, if I remember rightly, says about the same thing.

I hope this handsome Woodpecker, the most showy of North American birds, is not diminishing in numbers. It used to be fairly abundant in New England, for instance, but now it is a rare visitant excepting, perhaps, in the remotest parts.—G. S. MEAD, *Sau Francisco, Cal.*

Tree Swallows by the Million.—Early in September I visited the Long Beach Club at Barnegat, N. J. This club is located on that long, narrow point of land which lies between the ocean and Barnegat Bay. It is about ten miles in length and the club is located two miles from the extreme point. The width of the land here between the bay and ocean is only a few hundred feet. While there I was attracted by an extraordinary flight of Tree Swallows (*Tachycineta bicolor*) which commenced about eight o'clock each morning and lasted several hours, the birds flying always up the beach toward the inlet and never in the opposite direction. Evidently they crossed the channel and returned later in the day along the opposite shore of the bay to their night quarters. My interest in this daily flight was greatly aroused by the enormous numbers of the birds. My stay lasted but a few days, but on the 19th I again visited the club and on the morning of the 20th watched for the birds, hoping to see them again. Not a Swallow was seen until the solid column of the flight appeared, and it was at once apparent that where there were hundreds two weeks previous there were now thousands. The flight was compact like a swarm of bees and at times almost darkened the sky. Most of the time there were two distinct columns, one flying low just over the water, and the other high up in the air. I watched the flight for hours, and the air in both directions seemed alive with them as far as the eye could reach. In attempting to shoot one for identification and mounting, a single discharge of my gun killed ten birds, so compact was the flight. Two of these (evidently adult males) were in magnificent plumage, their backs fairly glistening with the most brilliant steel-blue color. Three or four others showed some color, and the rest (probably young birds) none at all. The next day I again watched the flight in company with my companion